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LITTLE FOLKS

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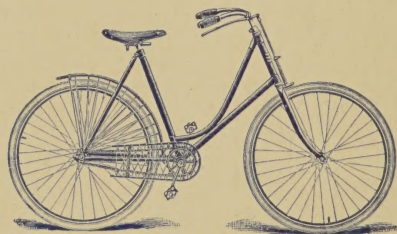
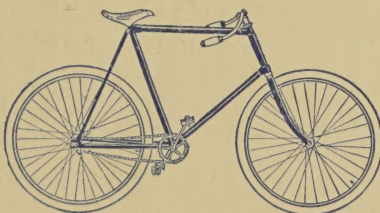
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APPLE-BLOW LANE.

LITTLE FOLKS

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DOWN APPLE-BLOW LANE.

BETH Trippingtoe dances down Apple-blow Lane,
Tra — lala, lala — la-la!

And when she has done it she'll do it again,

Tra — lala, lala — la-la!

For Apple-blow Lane is so lovely in May,
So pink, and so sweet, and so sunny, and gay,
That no little girl with a whirlaway way
Could ever help dancing and dancing away,
Over and over and over again,

Tra-lala, lala, down Apple-blow Lane!

Again and again,

Down Apple-blow Lane!

Blithe Robin-bird trilling himself out of breath,

Tra — lala, lala — la-la!

Keeps singing, "O, dance away, dance away, Beth!"

Tra — lala, lala — la-la!

There's a flit-flutter-flutter in all the pink trees,
The butterflies hover and float on the breeze;
She cannot resist such gay tempters as these,
She trills with the birds, and she hums with the bees,
Dancing and dancing and dancing again,

Tra-lala, lala, down Apple-blow Lane!

Again and again,

Down Apple-blow Lane!

Elizabeth Hill.

OUR DOLLS' MAY-DAY PARTY.



HEN we had our dolls' May-party, I was about six years old, and it was sixty years ago.

My grown-up sister, Myra, who liked fun and merry times, had said the dollies of the neighborhood ought to have a May-day party, even if they did have to have it in the house—the weather being rather cold for out-doors.

"My Dolly invites your Dolly to my Dolly's May-day Party."

That was the invitation Myra wrote out, and six dolls were invited with their six little mothers.

Myra said a May-day party ought to have a May-pole, for though the dollies, poor things! could not dance around it, they could sit around it. She stood it straight in a flower-pot covered with grass-green tissue paper, in the middle of a table spread with a grass-green tablecloth, and it had bright ribbons and shiny tinsel braid wound around it, and long streamers hanging from the top. (You may all be guessing what the May-pole was made of.)

My dolly's pink china tea-set was taken down, and a chair put at each of the seven plates for the seven dolls to sit in. There were peppermints on the plates.

But what I particularly wished to tell you is the curious thing that happened.

All the party had come except my little cousin Betty who lived at a distance. She was brought in a wagon, with her doll carefully wrapped in light-brown paper, as far as the store, and was left there, to buy a new hair-ribbon for her doll to wear to the May-party. There were many people buying, and this made her late. At last she got the ribbon and put it in her pocket, and came hurrying in, and took off her things. We all stood in a ring waiting to play "ring-around-a-rosy," She gave her package to Myra, and came into the ring, and we all took hold

hands, but waited to see the doll taken out of the package.

Now comes the curious part of my story.

Myra unwound the string, then opened the paper, slowly, not to damage the dress, and at last held up—what *do* you think?

A skein of red yarn, and an ear of corn for planting!

We just stood stock-still, and stared. My little cousin could not turn her eyes away. Two big tears rolled down her rosy cheeks.

Myra saw the tears, and said, quick as a wink, "Oh, what fun! Betty, you took, at the store, some other person's package. By



MYRA NAMED THE VISITOR "MISS VARNY CORN."

and by we all will take a beautiful walk to the store and see about it."

Then, to make us laugh and feel merry, Myra took a large white handkerchief, rolled the yarn and ear of corn into a snug, long, white roll, tied a string around near the top to make a head; tied another around, further down, for the waist; and then with a blunt lead pencil she made a face on the front of the head, and tied an apron on for a dress.

As Myra did all this—well, I wish you could have seen Betty's

face—how the sober, startled look turned slowly into a smile.

Myra named the new visitor, "Miss Yarnycorn," and set her in a chair with the others.

Now all this time Betty's dolly was making a call at another place.

Dame Morse and her grandchild Martha lived by themselves in a room of a house about half a mile away, and Dame Morse knit stockings and mittens for pay.

On this May-day she was hurrying to finish the mate to a stocking, but—lo, and behold! when she came toward the toe-end of the foot, her yarn also came to an end! What should she, could she, do?

She did this: she went to the store as fast as she could, first calling in a neighbor from next room to stay with Martha; hurried back as fast as she could, threw off her hood and shawl, and was making ready to wind the yarn, when she heard, from little Martha, "Oo—ooh!" very loud.

The child had opened the package and found a beautiful doll in party-dress.

The Dame held up both hands and stared with both eyes. "Oh, where is my yarn? Where *did* I get that doll? Oh, deary me! I have taken the wrong package! I must go right back to the store!" And back she went.

"I know nothing about a wrong package," the storekeeper said, "but you can sit on that stool in the corner and watch the door. Your package probably will come back."

The Dame sat on the stool, watching the door as it opened and shut; and after some time it opened to let in seven anxious, small girls, and one grown-up one who held out a package and said to the storekeeper in pleasant tones, "Do you know, sir, of any person who has taken a package by mistake!"

"Yes, Miss, *I* have!" shouted the joyful Dame, coming forward. "I took home a doll to toe off my stocking with, and here she is! A pretty cretur, but my little Marthy was more pleased with it than I was!"

And away the Dame trotted with her yarn, and away went we with our dollies—my little cousin hugging hers very tight.

Now as to the supper; the dollies could only make believe taste, but still they did very well as they sat in our laps, around the May-pole table.

"The biscuits were a
pretty sight,
So round, so cunning,
and so white;
The cakes were very
small—
We children ate them
all!"

So sang my sister Myra
as she cleared off the table.

Then we all sang May-songs; and there was laughing and skipping, and "Little Sally Waters"; and when the children went home, the grown-up people said they were glad to have had so much of May brought into the house.

And what do you think my sister did? Dear Myra! Just as good and kind as she was funny, carrying cheer wherever she went. Myra bought a doll, afterwards, dressed it in pretty clothes, and went and gave it to the Dame's little Martha.

The ear of corn? Oh, that was to plant in the Dame's bit of a flower garden. Would you like to know what the May-pole was made of? A broom-handle.



A DOLL FOR MARTHA.

Abby Morton Diaz.

IF I wanted a dear little pet,
Then an Ichthyosaurus I'd get;
We could walk out together,
In all sorts of weather,
And he'd never take cold in the wet.

M. E. B.



SO VERY, VERY NICE.

A LADY'S MAID.

(Overheard in the Nursery.)

I OFTEN think how nice 'twould be,
 If I could teach
 My doll to reach
 And softly brush my hair for me!

C. S. P.

DONALD'S GOOD HEN.

CHAPTER I.—A LITTLE CITY BOY.



DONALD.

IT is believed by most people that hens do not know anything, and cannot be taught anything.

As everybody is aware, sheep and horses and cats and dogs have been trained to do almost human acts. Still, as I have just said, most people think that the poor hen is a hopeless dunce.

Now the hen which belonged to little Donald Burden was not a genius.

Yet you will see that she *must* have had some sense, or else she never could have done what she did do. Donald says if she only could have been trained

when she was a little chicken, she might have known as much as "folks." When you finish this story, you may think so too.

Little Donald lived in a great city, but one summer he went with his mother and younger brother, Oscar, and his baby sister, Jessie, to board in the country.

They reached Mr. Corey's farm toward the close of a warm July day. That night Donald had a great sleep, and he woke up feeling strong enough to do anything in the world!

Donald was six years old, but he was still wearing kilts and a ruffle collar. (The events in this story happened some years ago, and little boys did not put off kilts quite as early in life then as they do now.) As for looks, he was a short, rosy, black-haired little fellow, with a very determined chin.

Dorcas dressed Donald very soon after six o'clock. He simply *couldn't* sleep any longer, though little Oscar and Jessie were still dreaming in their beds. As soon as he was dressed, he wanted to put on his hat and go out-doors. So Dorcas

looked out of the front window to see where it would be safe for him to play, and Donald looked out with her.

Just under the window lay a large pretty yard, with flower-beds, and a tiny fountain, and a croquet ground in it. This yard was raised above the road beyond, and banked up by a stone wall. Across the road was a strip of rough grass dotted with bushes. Beyond the strip ran a deep swift river. A railroad wound along the further shore of the river. Altogether, the scene made good Dorcas shudder.

"You can play in the yard, but you mustn't get down from the stone wall," said Dorcas.

Donald said the yard was not nice. (It really was too trim to play in.)

"Well, let's see what there is on the other side of the house," said Dorcas, and Donald went with her to the back window.

There were some large barns, and some small sheds and out-houses straggling off toward a wide smooth meadow, which was bordered by a stone wall with some bars. Over the wall rose the ridgy sides of a pretty hill, with trees standing here and there, and at the top were beautiful deep woods.

"I wish I could go up on that hill," said Donald.

Dorcas saw several sheep feeding along the ridges. It looked very peaceful and safe up there. Just then Jessie began to stir and to cry a little.

"Well," said Dorcas, "you may go along the meadow and



UP THE HILL.

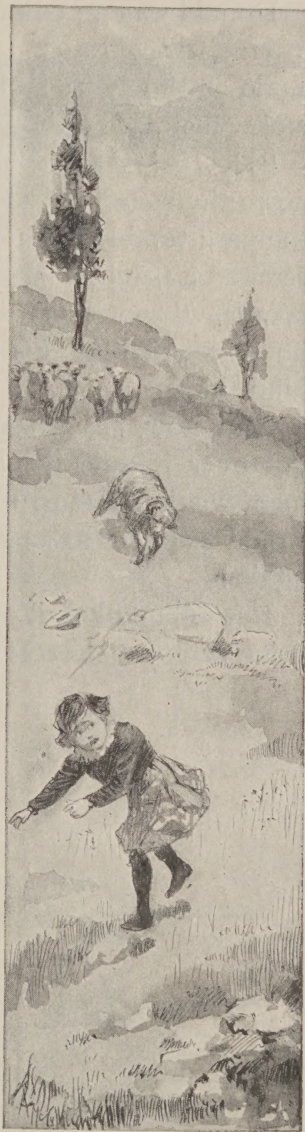
through those bars. Then you may go up the hill, as far as that big tree on that rock yonder—do you see it? Put on your rubbers, for the grass is wet. When you get up to the tree, turn around and come right back.”

By the time Donald was starting to cross the meadow, Dorcas had got the baby, and was holding her up to the window. Donald took off his hat. He had picked up a stick as he passed the woodpile. He perched the hat on the stick, and shook it at the baby. The baby laughed, and waved her little arms in return. Then Donald put his hat on again, and marched gaily along toward the pasture-bars, and Dorcas went off to give little Jessie her bath.

(If Dorcas had stayed at the window, she might have seen what happened next.)

Donald found the bars too close together to crawl between, so he climbed over the wall. Then he began to go up the slope. If the sheep had been cows he might have been afraid, but he did not feel afraid of sheep. He even hurried a little to get closer to the first sheep to see what it was like. Donald had never seen sheep before. Sheep look very pretty and peaceful.

This sheep edged away from him. So did the next, and the next. But the fourth sheep had its back to him, and was busy eating its grass breakfast, and Donald could almost touch it, when it lifted its head at last and saw him. This fourth sheep had been a pet when a lamb, and it did not move away. Donald smiled at it kindly, and was just putting out his hand to pat it, when a



DOWN THE HILL.

sudden noise, farther up the slope, made him look up. And there Donald saw a great sheep with horns, and this sheep was charging right down upon him!

Donald was no coward, and his first feeling was to stand his ground with his stick. But he looked at his stick, and then back again at the ram; and the stick looked so little, and the ram looked so big, he thought he had better run.

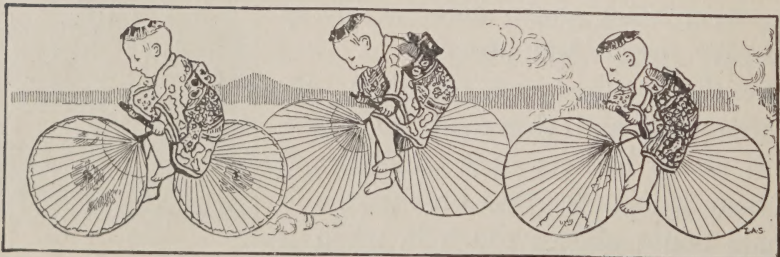
"Dorcas! Dorcas!" he cried, as loud as he could, and raced down the rough hillside. And almost at once a sharp stone in the path tumbled him over, and tore a hole in his stocking and scraped a patch of skin off his knee. Yet there was the ram coming down right above him—Donald could see him as he scrambled to his feet and ran on, leaving his stick behind him.

And now, just ahead, was the wall—oh, how could he ever get over it quickly enough! If only Mr. Corey, or the hired man, would come to the door and see him! or if Dorcas only would happen to come to hold the baby up to the window again!

But nobody heard or saw little Donald. Nobody came out to drive back the dreadful old horned sheep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Kate Upson Clark.



THE JAP DOLLS AND THEIR BICYCLES.



OH, who has seen my little shoe,
My little shoe, my little shoe?
Oh, who has seen my little shoe —
Sir Squirrel dear, have you, have you?



“No, I’ve not seen your little shoe;
But if you’ll tell me it will do
To carry off to some big tree
To put my nuts in, I will see
If I can find your little shoe.”

O no, Sir Squirrel, that won't do;
I don't want *you* to find my shoe!
But who has seen my little shoe—
Dear Mistress Mouse, have you, have you?



“No, I’ve not seen your little shoe;
But if you’ll tell me it will do
To make into a little house
For me and my old Mr. Mouse,
I’ll try to help you find your shoe.”

O no, dear Mousey, that won't do;
I don't want *you* to find my shoe!
But who has seen my little shoe—
Dear Robin Redbreast, pray have you?



“No, I’ve not seen your little shoe;
But if you’ll tell me it will do
To fix into a nice warm nest
Where I and my small birds can rest,
I’ll try to help you find your shoe.”

O no, Red Robin, that won't do;
I don't want *you* to find my shoe!
But who has seen my little shoe—
Dear Fairy Queen, have you, have you?



“No I've not seen your little shoe;
But if you'll tell me it will do
To make a little carriage of,
Hitched to a humming-bird or dove,
I'll try to help you find your shoe.”

O dear, O dear, what shall I do?
Nobody wants to find my shoe
Unless they keep it for their own—
I'll have to hunt for it alone!



But here comes Doggie ; maybe he
Will not so very selfish be—
Why, he has got my little shoe!
Dear Doggie, you are good and true,
I might have known *you'd* find my shoe!

Lilla Thomas Elder.

TEDDY AND THE LAME LADY.

TEDDY—Teddy is a little boy five years old—lives in Virginia, in the Blue Mountains. There are fields and meadows and woods and a river and a tiny brook, but no little boys and girls to play with nearer than half a mile.

Teddy's playmates are animals and birds and insects; and he has a shovel and a red wheelbarrow, and builds dams and little watermills on the brook.

Teddy was wheeling his red wheelbarrow about, to find a large rock to fill a washout in one of his dams, when he met the *Lame Lady*. He was prying up a long narrow stone covered with pretty green moss, and there he saw her, right by his shovel—a lame cricket, trying to hop away, over the dry sticks and gravel.

Teddy sat down on his stone to watch her. She would try and try to get along, but her leg hurt so much that she could only hop the least little step. At last she stopped and laid down on the gravel.

Teddy felt sorry for her. He gathered two handfuls of short fresh grass, and spread a piece of nice soft moss over it, for a bed, and laid the poor sick cricket upon it to rest. Then he sat down beside her, and fanned her with a chestnut leaf.

Some ants and bugs came around, but Teddy sent them away. "You must not disturb the poor *Lame Lady*!" he whispered. He staid there a long time. He was just thinking he would run to the house for some liniment, when the cricket moved her legs, as if she felt better.

Teddy turned her over, and set her upon her feet, and she tried to hop. He carried her out into the sunshine, to some soft turf where there were no sticks, and she hopped away.

Teddy was so glad! He ran to the house, and up into his mother's room, to tell her about the cricket. He was so glad because the cricket had got well. His mother was glad with him, and smiled, for she is a *Lame Lady* too.



WORTH ORVIS.



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CHARLES, GEORGE AND JOHN CLARK.



EMILY COLUMBIA SMITH.



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HELEN AND HAROLD HANCHETT.

(THE SECOND BABY SHOW. I.)



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(THE SECOND BABY SHOW. II.)



CHESTER T—— S——. 13 MOS.



C. T. S. 3 YRS., 4 MOS.



C. T. S. 1 YR., 7 MOS.



C. T. S. 1 YR., 7 MOS.



C. T. S. 3 YRS.



C. T. S. ONLY THREE DAYS LATER!

(THE SECOND BABY SHOW. III.)



KENNETH H. CASSON.



MONA CLARISSA AND ROBERT LEWIS CREEER.



JAMES WILSON DAYTON.



O. A. W. ROBSON.



FOUR LITTLE MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.



SHIRLEY M. DAVIS.

(THE SECOND BABY SHOW. IV.)

THE CHILDREN'S BIRDS.



THE little Welcomes think that all the birds on the ranch are under their care. Did I say that Welcome was the name of the family at Beacon Hill Ranch, when I told the story of Dipsey-Dee, the blue-jay?

Donny and Bee are too small to do much except to love the birds and look at them; but Bèbè and Ben help about the nests, and also help take care of the birdlings when they are hatched.

In nesting-time, Bèbè and Ben are very busy.

They lay soft feathers and wisps of hay where they think the birds will see them. They place bright-colored strings in sight, for the orioles to get and weave into their hanging nests. They put up all sorts of odd receptacles about the house and sheds, hoping the wrens will choose them to build in.

Last year two orioles built in a cottonwood tree



WEAVING IN THE BLUE COTTON.

near the kitchen, and used quantities of the blue crochet cotton which the children had hung out on the kitchen window-sills. The nest was very pretty—it looked like a gay purse.

A pair of wrens took possession of an old teakettle which



THE HOUSE OF THE WRENS.

Bèbè had hung up-on a low branch of an apple-tree. All the rough, coarse twigs for the nest were carried into the kettle through the curved spout. The little hollow at the bottom, where the eggs were to be laid, was lined with cotton from the cottonwood tree. If any of us swung aside the lid of the kettle to take a peep in, the birds vanished like steam up the spout, and waited in the branches overhead for us to go away.

Another pair of wrens built in a toy watering-pot, which the children had hung by the handle in a back shed. The birds went in and out of the shed through a knot-hole in the door. Six baby wrens were reared in that tiny watering-pot, and Ben and Bèbè were kept busy in picking them up and putting them back, after they had grown to be such big youngsters that the whole half dozen would topple out if but one arose to stretch himself and flap his bit of a wing.

At one of the chamber windows the children had a good time watching a pair of beautiful brown thrushes as they built in the piazza vines. A pair of wood pigeons used to come pattering

along the piazza roof to look, too—to learn something of nest-building perhaps, for they soon began one for themselves in a plum-tree near. They had made friends with the children on their visits to the piazza, and when the baby pigeons came were quite willing to have Ben and Bèbè get up in the plum-tree and feed and pet them.

The children think they understand the “words” of the different bird-songs. They maintain stoutly that the robins on the lawn say “Cheer up;” that the quails call each other by name, “Bob White,” as they run along the drive; that the meadow-lark in the hedge, who wears a yellow cravat with black bands, says, “A *pretty* bird;” that the swallows in the sheds cry, “Say, will you?” and that the wrens trill forth, “Have a—happy—little heart!”

I sometimes fancy I hear those little bird-words myself quite distinctly.

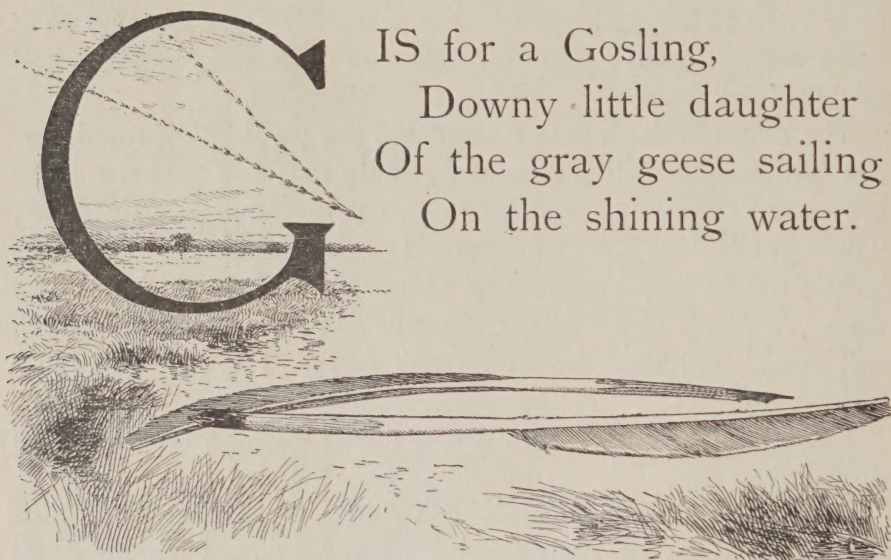
Beacon Hill ranch abounds with wild pastures and wild walks where all kinds of native flowers grow thick, each expected and welcomed in its season, and all-day basket-picnics take place all summer long. But for the children there are no “doings” on the ranch that ever furnish the excitement and joy awakened every spring by the arrival of the different birds, the choosing of the nesting-places, and the coming forth of the hungry little birdlings from the beautiful eggs.

Florence A. Haskell.



THE PLUM-TREE WOOD PIGEONS.

THE ALPHABET BEAUTIFUL



(Mama's Gosling Talk.)

ONE day Will called Dot "a little goose." That was because she didn't go to school, only to kindergarten, and couldn't read, like her primary-school brother of six.

Tom spoke up at that. "Will," said he, "a papa goose is a gander, a mama goose is a—a—well, just a goose, but a *little* goose is a gosling! Dot is not a goose, she's a dear little gosling—aren't you, Dot?" "I don't know," said Dot, doubtfully.

Then I told them the famous goose story that has been told to children for more than two thousand years: how, nearly four hundred years before the first Christmas, the great shaggy yellow-haired Gauls swept down like a north-wind into Italy and captured Rome, all but the Capitol Hill; how one night the Roman guard fell asleep, and the Gauls climbed up, up, up to the very top; how, just then, the goddess Juno's sacred geese, kept there by the temple, heard them, and flapped their great wings, and hissed and honked; and how Marcus Manlius heard the geese, and seized his arms, and ran to the

edge of the cliff just in time to push backward the top-most Gaul. "And so," said I, "the geese saved Rome!

"Then too," I went on, "if geese are not wise enough to read, like Master Will, they knew something about our alphabet long before men did—for the flying wild geese have always shaped their flocks into A's and V's. And if they don't know how to *make* all the letters, they have helped men *write* all the letters."



A GOSLING.

"Why, how could they?" asked Dot. "O," said I, laughing, "they gave their big wing-feathers to men, and men cut the ends into pens, and everybody, for centuries, before steel pens were made, wrote with quill pens. Little children in school wrote with goose-quills—and when the points wore scratchy they raised their hands and said, 'Please, teacher, sharpen my pen!' And the teacher would take her pen-knife and cut new points. That's how little jack-knives come to be called pen-knives."



ON THE SHINING WATER.



RIGHT THROUGH THE WINDOW THE BIG ROUND SUN WAS SHINING.

THE RUNAWAY STORY.

(The Booboo Stories.)

AND one morning early, very early, when the little Booboo woke up the sun was shining in his face, right through the window the big, round sun was shining in his face. It seemed to say, "Here's your chance to run away. Here's your chance, you naughty boy! Come, creep out softly and run, run, run. Come, creep out quickly," said the big round sun.

And Robbie crept out of bed, and ran out of his room, and down the stairs, and out of the house, and out of the garden gate!

And his mother didn't wake and his father didn't wake, but little maid Annie was up and at work in the kitchen.

And when she heard the patter, patter, patter of little feet on the stairs, she dropped her broom and threw up her hands and said, "There, there, there, I do declare, that boy is running away again!"

And she ran to the window and laughed, "Ha! ha! Yes, there he goes, the naughty boy, in his night-clothes!"

Almost every other day the little Booboo would run away!

And his father said, "Let him go, let him run if he thinks it is such fun. Some fine day he'll lose his way, then, perhaps, he'll learn to stay at home."

On and on down the road ran the little Booboo, and the big round sun was shining in his face. On and on he ran till he came to a little brook in a little wood.

Oh, a dear little brook with water that bubbled, and gurgled and ran over the bright shining stones in the bottom. Oh, a dear little wood, with birds singing gayly, and a squirrel, and a shy little chipmunk, and flowers growing, far, far too many to gather.



THE LITTLE BOOBOO AND THE BIRD'S NEST.

No wonder that Robbie ran away, no wonder with such a fine place to play he never could learn to stay in bed.

When at last the big Booboo woke up he said, "Oh, hi, ho—hi, ho—hi, ho—I suppose I must get up and go and find that boy again!"

And Robbie's mother said, "Well, well, I must say, I punished him once for running away!"

And his father smiled and said, "I certainly would be discouraged too, but it is just what I used to do myself when I was a little boy."

So the big Booboo dressed as fast as he could and ran down the stairs and out of the house and out of the garden and on down the road to the little wood.

"Robbie? Robbie?" he called, "where is my little son?"

The birds stopped their singing to listen. They knew, every one. And the chipmunk knew, and the squirrel too and so did the big round sun!

"Come follow me," laughed the little brook, "along my bank lies the path he took."

And the big Booboo ran on down the path by the little brook calling and calling, "Robbie! Robbie! where is my little son!"

But Robbie did not answer, and no Robbie anywhere could he see!

"Twit, twit, twee!" said a little bird in the tree. "Come quickly, follow me, and I will show you the way to go, for oh, oh, oh! he frightens me so looking into my nest!"

Among tall ferns and grasses and bright blooming flowers the big Booboo found the little Booboo looking into a bird's nest, where four little birds, four dear little birds, lay fast-asleep.

And the morning was warm and bright, and the brook and the birds so gay they didn't go home until dinner time, but stayed in the woods to play!

(They forgot to go home to breakfast!)

Gertrude Smith, author of "Arabella and Araminta Stories."

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

(*A Tree-Planting Story.*)

LITTLE Paul's great-great-great-grandfather was a Doctor, a hundred years ago. He used to ride about on a small bay horse visiting the sick, and he was always kind to the poor. "To be sick *and* poor is hard indeed," the Doctor used to say.

One spring morning, a man said to him, "I know I owe you a great deal. We had sickness all winter. You were our Doctor when my little boy broke his leg, and when my wife had her fever, and when the children were all sick together—but I have no money; how can I pay you?"

The Doctor said, "Take your spade and set out five elm trees between my house and the road. I shall ask nothing more."

I wonder if it was because they were planted with so many warm thankful thoughts, that from the first the little elms grew strong and tall, till, growing, growing, for a hundred years, to-day their great branches overhang the busiest street of a busy town. The wind sings in them, and the robins make May music in their boughs.

Perhaps these birds may be akin to that little robin that Nancy and Billy, and Tom, the Doctor's children, used to know, a hundred years ago. They found it in the dooryard, with a broken leg.

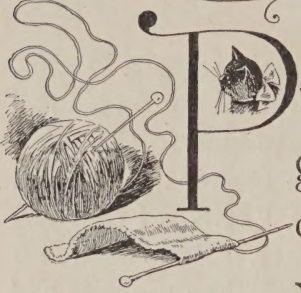
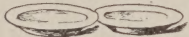
Nancy cried, but her father cut some tiny splints with his pen-knife and set the leg carefully. Then they watched and fed the little bird for long days, until it was able to hop about briskly. One morning the Doctor took off the bandages and the splints, and said the leg was quite well, though there was a small bunch where the break had been.

So Robin was set free; but, a wise bird, he knew his friends, and always came back, in April, to that same yard and the elms. They used to know him by his coming very near so that they could see the scar on his leg.

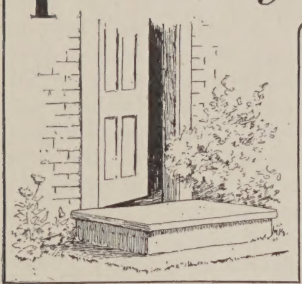
The elm-trees and the robins have made the kind Doctor and his kind little children remembered through all the hundred years.

WHAT DID THE BLACK CAT DO? GUESS!

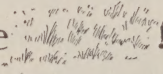
(VII)

 Prissy was a very happy little girl on her eighth birthday. It came on the eighth of May, when the  was shining, and  were blooming, and  were singing. She had eight other happy little girls to tea, and there was a little  with eight  and  and . And with the ice-cream came a beautiful , with eight pink  which Prissy blew out one by one. Besides all this, she had eight presents. You may guess at seven of them, but the eighth was a big  of pink worsted with a pair of  in it. Wound up inside were eight tiny . "This is what the Germans call a Wonder-ball," said "As you knit, Prissy dear, the gifts will fall out."



The next day Prissy went out and sat on the
 and began to knit busily. She
 was anxious to find her gifts,
 and her  flew. Presently
 she heard music. There was

an organ-grinder coming down the street. Per-
 haps there would be a ! Away ran
 Prissy leaving her  on the . And
 round the corner came the .

When Pris-
 sy came back, the tip of a black tail vanished
 under the  and what a sight met her
 eyes! A tangle of pink worsted and eight
 tiny  scattered in the ! First she
 laughed, and then she

cried, and then she laugh-
 ed again. "O, Grandma!"
 she said, "I shall not have
 to knit out my gifts, after
 all. Puss has done it for
 me!" And what had the Black Cat done? Guess!





"JUST AS I OUGHT."

A LITTLE BOY'S WISH.

When winter comes, the people say,
 "*Oh, shut the door!*" and when,
As sometimes happens, I forget,
 They call me back again.

It takes till summer-time to learn ;
 And then things change about,
And, "*Leave it open!*" is the cry
 When I go in or out.

I *try* to be a pleasant boy,
 And do *just* as I ought,
But when things are *so* hard to learn,
 I wish they might *stay taught!*

Henrietta R. Eliot.

WHAT SHALL CHILDREN READ ?

(Mothers' Department.)

NATURE BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

THERE is a great difference between the rosy little maid of to-day flying along country roads on her bicycle or climbing ropes in a gymnasium, and the prim child who is held up to admiration in old-fashioned books of verses, while her sister who tries to throw a stone or climb a fence, is always hurt and condemned for her unladylike actions. One child who had dolls and a workbox and "everything handsome about her," liked to play with rude boys better than to sew, and was trying "to throw a very large stone, when it fell on her toe," to the amusement of the said rude boys and her own lasting injury. To-day she would be taught to throw a stone properly, and play with boys as a matter of course.

One interest which boys and girls have in common, is a love for out-of-door sports and out-of-door excursions. A child who loves books and Nature has so many things to think of, that he or she has little time to get into mischief. If a girl, instead of screaming at a caterpillar or a snake, is eager to find out what it is, and what time of the year it comes out, and what it feeds on, a boy takes no pleasure in throwing it at her or slipping it into her pocket.

"When I went to A. to live," said a girl I know, "the boys said I was the only girl in the city who wasn't afraid of snakes, and it was all because we used to go out and look for them."

"When I was in college," said another, "I didn't have to study my biology half as hard as the rest of the girls. It was play to me, for I had learned it all before."

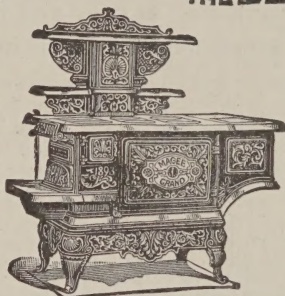
Think of that, mothers! By teaching your children to use their eyes and study everyday things, you can save them long hours of dreary work by-and-by. You may not be college-trained, and the thought of teaching science to your children is appalling. Let me recommend to you a helpful book. Make yourself a present of Mrs. Wilson's *Nature Study in Elementary Schools* (Macmillan, 90 cents), and begin to teach your children to observe the weather. Send to the Weather Bureau for a picture of cloud-forms, and ask to have it addressed to the children. Cut

(Continued on page ii.)

You Can Get Nothing Better Than the Best.

Miss Parloa, of the American Cooking School, who is a recognized authority on the subject, says

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Pneumonia, Asthma, Erysipelas,
Croup, and Whooping-Cough.

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Free trial at office. Send for circulars with testimonials. For sale by all druggists.

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Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston

off twigs from horse-chestnut and lilac and apple trees and let the children watch them growing in water. Get some frog-spawn or toads' eggs and raise tadpoles.

Begin to look at the birds with the help of your *Bird Neighbors*. (Doubleday & McClure Co., \$2.00). Buy a copy of Mrs. Ballard's *Among the Moths and Butterflies* (Putnam, \$1.50), that has some scientific names that are not up to date, but otherwise is good. Buy also Mrs. Dana's *How to Know the Wild-Flowers* (Scribner, \$1.75), and for use with the younger children, Jane Andrews's *Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children* (Lee & Shepard, \$1.00.) Celia Thaxter's *Stories and Poems for Children* (Houghton & Mifflin, 60 cents and \$1.00) are full of love of nature and poetic feeling.

When you know all the birds in *Bird Neighbors*, buy a new illustrated edition of Chapman's *Bird-Life* (Appleton, \$5.00.) If one of the children shows a decided love for insects, finds them more easily than the others, and wishes to watch the changes from caterpillar to butterfly or moth, Mrs. Wilson's book will tell you what to do, but you will perhaps need a manual like Comstock's *Insect-Life* (Appleton, \$2.50). There are some small paper-covered books published by Bradlee Whidden at fifty cents each, that are useful: Knobel's *Day Butterflies and Duskflyers of New England*, *Night Moths of New England*, *Beetles of New England*, *Ferns and Evergreens of New England* and *Trees of New England*. For the seashore there is no better little book than one that may be out of print, Mrs. Agassiz's *First Lessons in Natural History*, that tells of star-fishes and sea-urchins, and used to be published by Ginn for twenty-five cents. For the beginning of life in all animal forms, from the lowest to the highest, there is nothing so good as Margaret Warner Morley's *Song of Life* (McClurg, \$1.25).

With these books, no mother, however busy and untaught, has an excuse for not keeping in advance of her children in their questions about the world around them. Remember that *the boys who have no hobbies and no occupation for every spare minute*, are going to drift away from you and become lawless; and that the girls who have no wholesome interest in out-of-door things may grow morbid some day.

Caroline M. Hewins.



REDLANDS, CAL.

Dear Little Folks:—I have had a sleigh-ride among the orange trees this winter—my first sleigh-ride since I was a year old, and of course I don't remember that. It was the first snow I have seen in that time, except what we see on the high mountains that are white with snow nearly all the year, but are twenty miles away.

One morning when papa got up, he called to Gladys and me and to our cousins, Eleanor and Juliet, who were visiting us with their mama during the holidays, to hurry and look out the window. When we ran to see, everything was white, even the orange trees, with only the yellow oranges shining through. Gladys, who is only three years old, and didn't know any better, said, "Oh, everything is covered with flour!" but I knew what it was.

After breakfast, papa put the wagon-seat with a back to it, on a flat sled that he uses to draw things about in the orchard, and which he says is like an eastern stoneboat; then he hitched Mollie, the horse, to it and we all went to ride. We hung Gladys' leather lines with bells on them over Mollie's back, and it was such fun! I think it must have been almost equal to a real sleigh-ride. But we could not ride very long, for the snow soon began to melt, and we were very sorry. We may never have another sleigh-ride unless we go east some winter. I suppose it would not have been much of a treat for you.

Boynton Morris Green.

ERIE, PA.

Dear Little Folks:—If you think that some other little girls that like dogs would like to hear of our new little dog, you may print my letter. We have had two; one a big shepherd, and the new one is a fox terrier. We haven't got the shepherd now, because he would run after all the horses. Our new one we call "Vic," and he is so cute; he begs for everything he wants. As soon as you begin to eat, he comes to your side and sits up on his hind legs and waits till you give him some; and he jumps through your hands or over a stick; and whenever some one sings he will sing too—oh, he is such a dear little thing, just six months old.

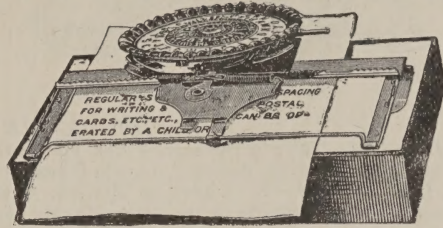
When he learns some more tricks, I will write again. He is busy now learning not to touch his dinner when we say "trust," and when we say "paid for," he eats it.

One night he ran away, and the next day mamma saw him way up at the hotel. She said, "We'll have to teach him better manners than that."

Jeanette D. Lawrence.

(The Little Folks' Letter Bag continued on page iv.)

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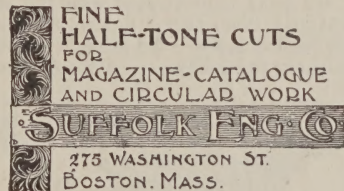
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(Continued from page iii.)

NASHVILLE, ILLS.

Dear Little Folks: — The story I like the best is "The Littlest one of the Browns." I live in Illinois near St. Louis. I love you. I have 31 marbles. I am going to Chicago, maybe in the summer. My papa gets you for me. I am six years old. I do not go to school yet, but will next fall. I showed my letter to you to my Grandpa Hosmer, and he made fun of it, so I wrote it over. I hope you may add many readers to your list.

Howard Hosmer.

FAIRMONT, MINN.

Dear Little Folks: — Maybe you would like to hear from a little boy who lives in Minnesota. I like you very much, but wish you came oftener. My brother Ben and I have two calves. Papa has some cattle scales. We weighed the calves this forenoon; the largest one weighed 145 pounds, the smallest weighed 115 pounds. Ben and I go skating almost every day.

Tommy Curtis.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

Dear Little Folks: — My little sister takes you and I like you so much, and I thought I would write. I go to school at Judson College. I have a little sister two weeks old; she is the sweetest baby I ever saw. Her name is Floried. I am ten years old. I think *Little Folks* is the best paper published.

Alice G. Cole.

LYNN, MASS.

Dear Little Folks: — I am seven years of age and go to school every day. I have read every number of the magazine thus far, and my sister Alicia and I think that there is no magazine to compare with it! We are more than pleased with the story of "Araminta and Arabella." I also have a little baby sister named Irene — she is eight months old, and is the pet of the family.

Edna L. Hemler.

HOULTON, MO.

Dear Little Folks: — My little brother Chester and I are eight years old and five years old. We have two little rabbits, and we call them "Snowball" and "Bunnie." We have lots of snow where we live, and my papa bought Chester and me some snow-shoes, and Chester and I go snow-shoeing nearly every day. We think it's lots of fun.

Ildafaunce Perry.

Dear Little Folks: — Papa brought home a bicycle for me one day in September and I learned to ride it the first day. But I tumbled off lots of times, 'cause I learned alone. Yes, and I nearly ran over my Aunt Annie's Polly — that's her cat — Polly-wog I call her. I should have been real sorry if I had hurt her because she is a very desirable and handsome Polly-wog. This is not the only kittie Aunt Annie has. It's a calico cat, three or four colors, and my uncle brought her last spring when he and cousin Herman went fishing down in Maine. She was homesick I guess, and my uncle let aunt Annie take her, and I guess he'll let her keep her because she cured her. The other one is Alexander, we call him Sandy, because he's sandy color. He's twice as big as Polly and weighs twelve pounds. Sandy is considerably older and can do tricks. He will shake hands if you ask him. He always asks for food by standing on his hind feet. You don't have to ask him do it. One day when Polly first came he stood up and asked for something to eat, and what do you think, Polly saw him and she stood up the same way, and no one had ever taught her to. Now they always stand up together and they look too funny for anything. They always sleep together and Sandy will not go to bed unless Polly goes too. You ought to see them play together. Sandy is very strong but he can't think as much as Polly, because she is the smartest. Sandy will run for Polly, and just at the right minute Polly will jump straight up in the air and come down on Sandy's back. It surprises him very much. Polly has very long hair and the sweetest face I ever saw. She's a coon cat. I could tell lots more about them if I had time.

Dot Palmer.



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CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

My little boy, three years old, has queer notions of "previous existence." For instance, he asked, "When I was a bird, did I have wings?" "When I get to be a cow, will I say 'moo'?" One day he said to me, "When you get to be a cake, mama, you'll have frosting all over you."
B. R. McE.

Little Dorothy, aged four, had a partly-eaten pancake on her plate when her sister was helped to cakes. Dorothy asked for another, and when reminded that she had not finished hers, said, "I don't want to eat that one — it's too shabby!"
E. F. C.

Little four-year-old, who considers her two-year-old sister her especial charge, had omitted her name in her prayer one

night, when her mother said, "and God bless and take care of little sister." "No," said Helen, "He can take care of the rest. I will take care of her myself."

The first time little Etta ever heard thunder, she ran to her mother, saying, "God's coming, mother!" M. A. B.

Little Janet and I were digging in the back yard, preparatory to planting flower seeds. She was some distance from me, busy with her tiny spade, when all at once she cried, "Oh! mama! come and see! I've found the funniest bug! It hasn't got anything 'cept a long, fat tail." It was her first angleworm.
M. F. H.

Mildred, a dear little two-year-old, was saying her baby prayers at her mama's knee: "Dod b'ess papa and mama." Here she hesitated so long that her mama thought she had forgotten the rest, so she prompted her, "And make Mildred a good little girl." "No, no," exclaimed Mildred, excitedly, and finished the prayer to suit herself: "An' make Mild'ed a nice, pitty new dress."
F. L. F.

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Models 34, 35, 36.	
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Portland, Me.:	180 Middle Street.
Bangor, Me.:	22 Harlow Street.

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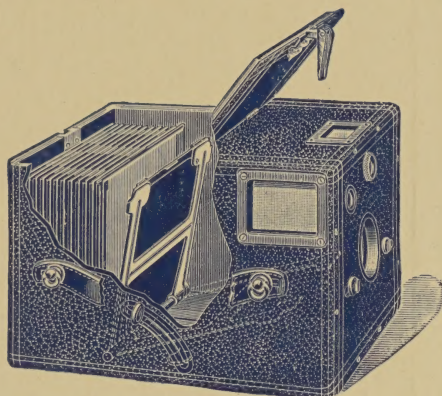
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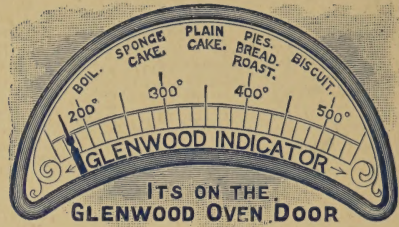
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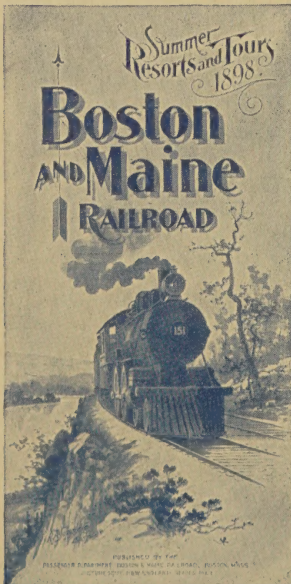


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